

The Truth About Florida

The Bunnell Home Builder

EDITED BY S. HOWARD

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THE EDITORS' PERSONAL PAGE

Christmas Greeting

The Editor and the readers of the HOME BUILDER have scarcely had time to become acquainted, ere this the second issue goes to press. We ended the year 1912 with the introduction of this little magazine, and from the letters of commendation received within the past few days, we are led to believe that it is indeed going to prove a "letter from home." And after all, how could we be strangers to each other, since our hearts are knit together in one common cause, and our thoughts and hopes are centered on one cherished spot?

This is the season of the year especially set apart for greetings and remembrances. Costly presents are not necessary to a happy Christmas—the real Christmas cheer must come from the heart. The joy of living, the beauties of Nature, the fellowship of friends and our hopes for the future are possessions above price.

The past year may not have held as much of joy for us as we desired. Misfortunes and hardships may have come to us, but the year is gone, and shall we not at this Christmas season try to forget the cares that fretted us, and find our joy in looking toward the future?

The New Year with its wonderful possibilities is at hand. This will be the last Christmas many of you will spend in the North. Another year will find you in the LAND WHERE THE SUN SHINES ALWAYS, AND WHERE THE MOCKING BIRD EVER SINGS. Surely this is something to look forward to.

Always fresh and new at this season of the year is the song of long ago, heard by the lowly shepherds on the hills of far-off Bethlehem—"Peace on earth, good will to men."

What a beautiful sentiment to carry in our hearts all through the year—"GOOD WILL TO MEN." We could not be utterly selfish then, the other fellow must be remembered. The warm clasp of the hand and the word of encouragement sometimes brings greater cheer than priceless gifts.

"Only those who really celebrate Christmas in the heart—only those, after all, can know the true Christmas. But for them, above the pealing of the bells, above the music of the chimes, there sounds an inner harmony—a melody so sweet, so clear, that all the highways and byways of Earth flash with unexpected radiance.

"Light, song, beauty everywhere when it's Christmas in the heart."

And so to you in the Far North; to you in the crowded cities of the East; to you in the Great West, and to you in the Sunny South—I send

Christmas Greeting



Your Nose to the Grindstone

It was a December night, and the cold winds from Lake Michigan swept over the city, and seemed to penetrate into the most cozy and warmly lighted offices. My day's work was done, and I hurried to the elevated station, glad to catch an early train and thankful that it would be an evening indoors.

I neglected to get my usual paper and sat staring out of the car window into the deepening gloom. Then my eyes fell upon men and women, boys and young girls in the upper stories of the shops and factories which we were passing. Their day's work was not done by any means, and I caught a glimpse as never before of what it really means to have one's "nose to the grindstone."

Some were bending over machines with eyes riveted on their work. They were sewing canvas, leather and other materials. From the distance, the lights seemed in-

sufficient, and the strained, tense attitude of the workers showed plainly that they were forced to make every moment count for the most.

The picture did not leave my mind—it has stayed with me ever since. Why this unnatural living? Why must human beings starve for the fresh air and sunshine which God gives for all? Is there no remedy for these conditions? There does not seem to be in the city—then let us look for it in the country.

"Back to the soil" may be a trite phrase, but it is fraught with the deepest meaning. The cities are too crowded; life is too hard here; competition too heavy. What higher sphere of usefulness could be given us than the privilege of showing people how to improve their conditions, and how to get the most out of life?



A Christmas Suggestion

I heard of a woman the other day who gave a growing plant as a Christmas gift. She said that it always seemed to her most appropriate to give at that season of the year something to grow in value.

Isn't this an idea worth considering? And as I thought about it I made up my mind that I would suggest to the readers of the HOME BUILDER the wisdom of giving a "little farm" as a Christmas gift.

You fathers and mothers ought to buy 10 or 20 acres for that boy or girl of yours. You sons and daughters who have parents growing old and poor, should make them happy by such a gift. I know of nothing that will so increase in value as land in the BUNNELL-DUPONT Colony. You can afford to give such a present. The terms of purchase are within the reach of all.

What a benefactor you will be if you give somebody a farm-home in Florida at this Christmas time.

FLORIDA, FROM A CANADIAN WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT.

When I lived in Florida I had a neighbor who was a fairly good man, but he was a shiftless sort of a fellow. Some days he worked; other days he did not. The responsibilities of life did not press very heavy upon him.

The man had a wife and a large family of children. The wife was a bright little woman, trying as best she could to keep up a semblance of respectability, and to supply her children with some of the necessities of life.

This family came to Florida from Canada, and as I observed them, I sometimes wondered that people with so little money could venture so far from the old home. I asked the wife one day which she liked best, Canada or Florida. "Oh," she said, and a faint smile lighted up her wan face. "Florida is so much better than Canada. I never could take my children back there. We are poor here, but we were poorer there. Sometimes the thermometer would stand 30 or 40 degrees below zero, and many times I have had to wrap my children in blankets during the daytime to keep them from freezing, because we had little food, and less fuel."

Then she compared their former hardships with their life now in Florida. "Here the children run about out of doors every day. They need but few clothing to keep them comfortable, and they need but little bedding to keep them warm during the winter nights. The boys go barefooted almost every day in the year, and we grow something in our little garden every month. We have no luxuries here, but we are getting along."

A brave heart that mother has and, when those boys and girls get a little older, they are going to make their way in Florida, the "land of opportunity," and perhaps they will be able to repay the good mother for her care of them.

I have met a great many Canadian folks in Florida, but no others like the family I have just mentioned. They were for the most part men with families, who had owned property in Canada—many had owned farms; some had little homes; while still others had been engaged in business in the far north.

I don't believe I ever met people who were so delighted with Florida as the ones who came from Canada. They told me that the soil was rich in Canada; that there were opportunities of making money there, but they could not endure the rigors of the long winters, and they hated the short growing season.

What a change it must be for these good people from Canada, never to have to spend a cent for coal; never to have any use for fur overcoats and buffalo robes; never to see a blizzard again—but to be able to work in their fields every day of the year, and raise three crops instead of one.

The Canadian man who will put forth half the effort in Florida he must use to make a living in Canada, cannot fail to make a success.



A YOUNG COLONIST AT WORK.

The above is the picture of Jerome Berry Milliken, fourteen years of age, and owner of a farm in the Bunnell-Dupont Colony.

Jerome's father bought a twenty-acre farm some time ago, but when he visited the colony last July, in company with Mrs. Milliken and Jerome, they were so well pleased that they bought forty-five acres near Gore Lake, twenty acres being for the son.

Mr. Milliken, senior, holds a responsible position with the Western Packing and Provision Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago.

POSSIBILITIES OF FLORIDA TRUCKING.

In glancing over Florida newspapers for one day it will be noticed that fine cucumbers are just coming in around Arcadia; that new sweet corn is being gathered at St. Cloud, that strawberries are ripe in Osceola County and that Kissimmee has demonstrated that she can grow as good celery as Sanford and as many potatoes as Hastings.

At the same time Sanford is taking up the growth of tobacco as a money crop and oranges are being grown right here at home near Pensacola as fine and luscious as any that come from the peninsula of the state.

In fact all of Florida is good all the time. It is the only spot in America where the winter has been eliminated and where spring time comes every month in the year.

The people of Florida are just awakening to the trucking possibilities of the state and this awakening is sure to be followed by a continuous stream of prosperity.—Pensacola Journal.

Lettuce is bringing a good price and the growers are getting their money here at Sanford. Just bear in mind that when the market wants lettuce you can get the price anywhere. With an auction f. o. b. market you could get the cash all the time.—Sanford Herald.

CABBAGE BY THE WAGON LOAD—

With his wagon heaped high with a load of the finest quality of cabbage, M. H. Bishop was in from his farm at Fruit Cove this morning. The cabbage are early and are of a quality that well proves what skillful farming on St. Johns County land will produce. There were several hundred head of cabbage in the load.—St. Augustine Record.

UNITED STATES LAND SHOW IN CHICAGO.

The National Land Show in the great Coliseum in Chicago has just closed. These shows have been held for several years, and prove of great interest to the public.

As one walks from booth to booth and listens to lectures on different parts of the country, he is thrilled with the wonders of our own Homeland, and the possibilities of the soil.

I found I was as much interested in the people who thronged the building, as I was in the exhibits. Men and women are longing for homes of their own; I might say, they are land hungry, but many of them are afraid to venture anything.

I heard one very interesting lecture on a much talked of section of this country, but the speaker neglected to state that the land was selling for \$175.00 an acre (on practically cash terms), and that the annual cost of irrigation was something enormous. That is a very good country for the rich man, but not for the man of ordinary means.

Tastes differ. Some people prefer one state, and some prefer another, but I find as a general rule, the people who are seeking permanent homes, are looking for a place where the climate is mild, and where one need not spend all he makes during the summer, for fuel and clothing during the long winter months.

There was a time when people looked askance if you suggested FLORIDA to them. But times have changed, the story of Florida's incomparable climate, the productivity of her soil, her transportation and shipping facilities is being heralded abroad, and the demand for Florida farms is increasing at a tremendous rate.

You cannot overlook the fact that "there is but one crop of land," and when this is taken, no more will be coming on. Land values are bound to go up and up. In some parts of the North and West they have already soared beyond the reach of any but the rich. Then why not buy land that is just as good, and as desirable in every way, but which still is reasonable in price? People are after "ground floor" investments, and the way to make money in land (aside from the products of the farm) is to purchase when the price is reasonable.



A beautiful Southern home just three miles southeast of our colony. Note the magnificent palm and tangerine trees surrounding this house. The roses were in full bloom here when this picture was taken, December 8, 1912. Which do you prefer, snow and ice, or a home like this?

"WHY BUNNELL IS DIFFERENT"

By THOMAS A. VERDENIUS

All Bunnell-Dupont Colony land owners, and those contemplating the purchase of a Florida farm, should not only read, but study this article carefully.—Editor.

WHY I KNOW BUNNELL IS DIFFERENT

There are a great many land companies operating in the state of Florida. Some of them have excellent propositions. Others have not. I would not be so narrow as to say that the Bunnell-Dupont Colony is the only good land proposition in Florida, but I do say that you cannot find anything better than the Bunnell-Dupont tract; and I know whereof I speak.

I have not gained my knowledge of Florida from books, nor from studying railroad folders. I have not merely made a flying trip through the state, but I lived in Florida for two years, and have traversed it from the north to the south, and from its eastern boundary to its west coast.

Most unfortunately for me, I am compelled to make my home this winter in Chicago and to endure the disagreeable features ever incident to a winter in the North. But I want to impress upon your minds that I am the only man connected with the Bunnell Development Company who does not reside in Bunnell or near-by. The Chicago office was opened temporarily for the simple reason that it was deemed best for one of us to be in the North, and to be in closer touch with our land owners and prospective customers.

Now I want to discuss our colony briefly, and show you why it is different from the other colonies of the state.

SOIL—

We have the best soil in Bunnell that can be found in Florida. While in Florida a few weeks ago I visited a number of colonies. Some of them are already famous for their wonderful crops. Land in those sections was selling for from \$100.00 to \$1,000.00 an acre cash. I made a thorough study of these localities, and I was accompanied by a man who has studied Florida for the last 25 years. We both reached the decision that the soil in the Bunnell-Dupont colony is equally as good as the best in the state, with no exception whatever.

You readers who have visited our land; you who are already living on your farms at Bunnell and Dupont will agree with me that the Bunnell soil is just as good as that found at Hastings, Sanford, Lakeland, Stark, or elsewhere; while scores of letters that I have received, and now are on file in this office, will bear me out in this opinion.

LOCATION—

I shall not say very much in regard to our location. If you doubt my statement that it could not be better, simply turn to your map of Florida (for we are on the map), in the extreme southern part of St. Johns County, due southeast of Palatka and north of Daytona. Our land almost touches the Atlantic ocean which gives us its cooling breezes throughout the summer months and which is a great feature to be con-

sidered when seeking a permanent home in Florida. There are several other colonies just as favorably located on the east coast, but those in the interior of the state are less fortunate in this respect.

Then, too, we are but a short distance from the great metropolis of the South, the beautiful city of Jacksonville. You know the advantages derived from living near a large city, in the purchasing of supplies, in the marketing of your products, the education of your children, etc., etc.

We are far enough south to be safe in raising all kinds of citrus fruits, in fact, according to the United States bulletin on citrus fruits for 1906, page 8, we have the very best location, for Uncle Sam says: "The more nearly the northern limit of the citrus belt is approached, the more sprightly and delicious the fruit becomes." And we are by no means in the extreme northern limit of this belt, for we find orange groves as far north as Jacksonville, which is 87 miles to the north of us.

TRANSPORTATION—

This is one of the primary features to be considered in the selection of a farm-home. Some colonies in the state are 20 miles and more from a railroad, but the best trunk line in Florida, the Florida East Coast Railroad, practically cuts our colony in two, and it is on this road that the towns of Bunnell and Dupont are located. The Florida East Coast is not an old logging road, but it is equally as good as the Northern railroads. Its passenger and freight service and its equipment are all first class.

Besides having shipping facilities by rail, we have on the east side of our colony the Florida East Coast Canal, making it possible to send out products either by water or rail.

TOWN—

Bunnell is a splendid little town, with electric lights, city water works, cement sidewalks, public school, church, bank, doctors, drug store, general stores, commodious hotel, etc.

Please bear in mind that our colony possesses:

1. Excellent soil.
2. The most ideal location.
3. Very best transportation.
4. Up-to-date town.

Other land companies may possess some of these advantages, but they are few in number. I know that 75% of the colonies in Florida do not possess these four primary features; and of the other 25%, not one to my knowledge, can give a reason, such as I am now going to give you, as to

WHY BUNNELL IS DIFFERENT.

Investigate other land companies. Notice, if you will, where their headquarters are to be found. Usually in some large city, are they not? Where are the headquarters of the Bunnell Development Company? Right at Bunnell—in our colony—among our people. There is where the Pres-

ident, the Secretary and the Treasurer have their homes. These men have lived in that country for years. They are at Bunnell to stay. Mr. Moody and Mr. Lambert have thousands upon thousands of dollars invested in the colony. They are **community builders**. They are not **land promoters**, and mark my words, there is a vast difference between the two classes. We can't afford the luxury of a single promoter in our midst.

A land promoter, you know, usually buys a tract of land, cuts it up in farms, lays out his town, sells it all—and is gone. He starts another proposition, and does the same with that, always boosting the one he is at the present time selling.

The owners of the Bunnell-Dupont Colony land know nothing about promoting. They live and work right with the colonists. They believe that what is good enough for other folks, is good enough for them.

Mr. Moody and Mr. Lambert have each told me a number of times that they would not think of living any place else. They came there as poor men, and through their square business dealings, have grown rich with the country. So, when you buy a farm-home at Bunnell, you buy of men who are interested in you, who want to help you succeed, and who realize that prosperity for you means prosperity for them.

These people are not colonizers, and never will colonize another tract of land. This land they own outright, without any encumbrances; and after removing the best timber, and having made large profits from same, they invite you to come and make your home in this ideal spot.

Consider this feature very carefully. Do not buy a farm from a company who next year will start to colonize another tract of land, who will drop the one they are selling now, forget all about it, as it were, and leave you to work out your problems alone. But buy your farm at BUNNELL, where the owners of the land are actual citizens, and where they are spending their money year after year in the development of the colony.

And this is "WHY BUNNELL IS DIFFERENT" from the other colonies of Florida.

NOTICE.

If you want to receive the HOME BUILDER regularly and promptly, it is very necessary that we have your correct address. If at any time you move, please notify the Editor at once.

HAVE YOU READ our booklet on Bunnell—"A LITTLE FARM, A BIG LIVING!" If not, write for it to the General Sales Office, Room 1103, 108 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois.



This picture shows one of our new colonists, Mr. M. L. Firebaugh, formerly of Bloomington, Ill., unloading his car at Bunnell.

EVERY DAY HAPPENINGS IN AND AROUND BUNNELL

By Bunnell Correspondent

The Bunnell barrel factory is now under course of construction. We are not only going to ship potatoes from Bunnell this season, but we will ship them in barrels manufactured in our own town.

Seed potatoes are being shipped in car load lots to Bunnell and Dupont.

Mr. M. L. Firebaugh of Bloomington, Ill., is one of the recent arrivals in the colony. Mr. Firebaugh brought with him one of the finest teams of horses ever seen in Bunnell, also poultry, farm implements, etc.

A Christmas program is being prepared, and will be given at the M. E. church in Bunnell.

The manager of the Bunnell Potato and Supply Company is a busy man these days. He states that he believes Bunnell will surpass Hastings within a very few years, as our land is better adapted to the raising of potatoes than Hastings soil.

Mr. Edw. Forster and family of San Antonio, Texas, arrived at Bunnell Wednesday on the midnight train. Mr. Forster is well pleased with the colony, and has started to build his home.

Mr. A. P. Bergren of Chicago, Ill., is building his home near Dupont. His family will follow soon.

Mr. H. B. Koch of Cedar Gap, Mo., has arrived and is now clearing his land. He expects to have several acres in potatoes this spring. Mr. Koch spent some time in the colony early this spring, and is now here to stay.

Mr. E. J. Orr of Mt. Carmel, Ill., has inspected the colony. He is so well pleased with his own thirty-acre farm that he says he would not take \$60 an acre for it.

Messrs. Spiller and Chamness of Cartersville, Ill., have arrived with a carload of household goods, and are now erecting their homes near Dupont.

Mr. J. Keen of Wahpeton, N. D., has arrived in the colony, and is here to stay. Mr. Keen is glad to get away from another winter in the North.

Hunting is good this season. Plenty of quail.

Mrs. Frank Wadsworth, formerly of Chicago, was a recent visitor to Bunnell. She visited the Knox orange grove, and called on her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, formerly of Chicago. Mrs. Wadsworth has a farm in the colony and a lot in Bunnell. She states she is now corresponding with twelve families in the North, and she believes every one of them will eventually move to Bunnell.

Mr. and Mrs. White of Lucas, Kas., now living in Bunnell, have just reserved forty acres of land for a Kansas friend.



Up-to-date Railroad Depot at Dupont



Messrs. O'Neal and Brown of Indiana, and Reed of Kansas, seeing their land in the Bunnell-Dupont Colony.

Mr. Wickline, formerly of Crown Point, Ind., is now building his house on his farm near Dupont. Mr. Wickline is so well pleased with the land that he expects to buy an additional ten acres.

Mr. C. H. Bishop of Syracuse, N. Y., is locating on his farm in Section 32, Range 30.

Mr. Helm is shipping oranges, tangerines and grapefruit daily. His grove is certainly a beautiful spot.

Mrs. C. F. Turner has joined her husband at Bunnell, and is very well pleased with our town.

Mr. Mark Quincer of Malta, Ill., visited the colony recently and purchased forty acres of land for himself and relatives, east of Gore Lake.

Mr. Conway is getting nicely settled in his new home. Mr. Conway is so well pleased with Bunnell that he says he is anxious to have more people locate here from the "You must show me" State.

Mr. Hagadorn was in town the other day, and says he likes Florida better all the time, but he certainly sympathizes with the folks he left behind in Canada.

Hotel Bunnell is quite busy these days. Among the recent visitors are Mr. J. W. Reed of Kansas, Messrs. Davis and Brown of Indiana, Mr. J. D. Wentz of Missouri, and Messrs. W. A. James and J. Bell of North Carolina. All of these gentlemen have farms here, and are well pleased with same.

Eleven hundred acres of potatoes will be planted in this vicinity next month. This should mean at least \$150,000 to our colonists.

Every day car loads of furniture, stock, implements, etc., are unloaded at the switch in Bunnell. Last week we had one day when there were three cars unloaded here.

All over the colony the farmers are busy breaking up their land, and preparing for the potato planting season, which is from January 1 to 15.

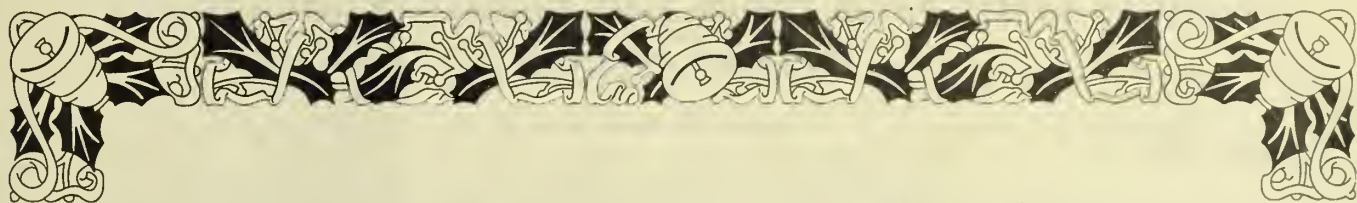
Mrs. Fountain and family of Pittsfield, Mass., have purchased a fine twenty-acre farm near Bunnell. They are here to stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Elvert, formerly of Oklahoma, were recent visitors to the Knox orange grove, and found it a most interesting place. They expect to have a grove of their own one of these days. Mr. and Mrs. Elvert have built a new home on their farm two miles northeast of Bunnell.

Contractor Bachelder is very busy these days. New settlers are wanting homes faster than he can build them.



EVERY young man should make an effort to get a good piece of Florida land and keep it," says the Wauchula Advocate. "The price of land in Florida is still within the reach of any energetic young man, but it is not always going to be cheap. A good piece of Florida dirt is a mighty good thing upon which to build an independence." To this the Times-Union adds: "Every young man should acquire a piece of Florida property, if he can possibly do so, and there is hardly a chance of its decreasing in value."



A Christmas in Florida

By S. HOWARD

As a child I loved to read of the Christmas customs and festivities in various lands. I was thrilled with the oft-told story of St. Nicholas's majestic entrance to the home on Christmas eve, by the chimney route, and the fact that I had to hang my stocking on the back of a chair, instead of before an open fire, robbed Santa Claus's visit of half its charm.

Later on, when I thought I had grown too big to hang up my stocking, I still read the Christmas stories, and the ones that described the "Yule Log" and the ceremonies with which it was placed upon the hearth, possessed an untold charm for me.

The years went by, but the sentiment never left me. Then came a day when we planned our home in Florida, and the open fire-place became the primal feature around which the house was built. It was a big, broad fire-place, built right up in the living room, and furnished all the heat we had for our six-room bungalow.

What joy it was to bring in the big back-log, place it upon the fire, and gather around it with our friends. Very often during the winter months, however, the fire was not needed at all, and many nights from December to April did we spend in comfort on the veranda, watching the old moon slowly rise from behind the tall pine trees.

Then the holiday season came, and there was no stinting ourselves that year for Christmas greens. The freshest and most beautiful were ours for the gathering. The house was decorated with great branches of holly. The tall cypress trees were stripped of the mistletoe that clung to their branches, and the home was made a bower of beauty. We went to the woods and selected our own Christmas tree, and we hung it with tropical fruits.

A CHRISTMAS IN FLORIDA! If you have always lived in the North, where on Christmas day the ground is usually white with snow, you cannot imagine what a Florida Christmas is like. For this particular day, we had planned a picnic in one of the orange groves nearby. Everybody was up early; lunch baskets were packed, and a boatripe down the river inaugurated this ever memorable day.

On either side of the river stood the great live oak trees, their branches festooned with the gray old Spanish moss. Here the crimson holly berries gleamed among the green leaves, while the magnolia, the cypress and the mistletoe, with its white waxen berries, completed the wonderful picture.

Imagine spending long, delightful hours in an orange grove, gathering the choicest fruits from the orange, tangerine and grapefruit trees, listening to the songs of the birds, and helping yourself to the roses growing here in profusion.

Then came the picnic dinner under the trees, with coffee served hot from the improvised stove; a long ramble up the river, and the boatripe home by moonlight. The Christmas hymns of our childhood were sung; the National songs we all love so well, not forgetting "Dixie"—Dixie, the home of our adoption, and the home that will grow dearer to us as the years go by.

And so ended my Christmas Day in Florida.



Letters of Interest from Bunnell-DuPont Colony Land Owners

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 3, 1912.

Mr. S. Howard, Editor,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

I am just in receipt of a copy of the Bunnell Home Builder, which I will say is well named by you. I have read it through, every word of it from beginning to finish, and to say that I am more than pleased with it, is putting it very mildly. I think that Mr. Verdenius in his letter in this issue has very aptly put it, when he says that it will be like "a letter from home," especially to those purchasers who, like myself, are as yet non-residents of the colony. Long live the Bunnell Home Builder.

In reading this little magazine through, it was with pleasure that I noted the many improvements now in progress in the Bunnell-Dupont Colony, and I envy those who are so fortunate as to be able to locate on their farms this season. However, I hope to be able to arrange my affairs by next fall to be with them, when I will undertake to improve my 20-acre farm just east of Gore Lake.

It is now only eight months since I visited Bunnell, but judging from the many improvements being made by the numerous settlers coming in and locating on their farms, I presume I would scarcely know the place. Well, the more the merrier, and each newcomer adds just so much more wealth to the colony.

When I was in Florida, where I went for the purpose of looking over the tract of land offered for sale by the Bunnell Development Company, I not only inspected their holdings, but traveled also over a considerable part of Florida, going as far south as Ft. Myers on the Caloosahatchee River, and the fact that I did not purchase my farm until after my return speaks louder than words my verdict of the Bunnell-Dupont Colony's lands, but I will say this much for the benefit of those who have made application for farms, but have not as yet inspected the land, that the more I saw of Florida the better I liked the lands of the Bunnell-Dupont Colony.

I think that this is the case with most of the purchasers in this colony, as those whom I met while visiting there seemed more enthusiastic over the future of the colony than was the Company selling the land.

I will not attempt to describe the Bunnell-Dupont Colony lands, as this is so well and truthfully done in their booklet, entitled "A Small Farm—A Big Living," by Thomas A. Verdenius. If you haven't read it, be sure to write Mr. Verdenius for a copy.

I will close with best wishes for the success of not only the Bunnell Home Builder, but also for the Bunnell-Dupont Colony.

Very truly yours,

H. T. HOTCHKIN.

To the Editor of the Home Builder:

When I landed in Bunnell I was greatly surprised. I did not expect to see a modern, up-to-date town, like our larger cities, but that is what I found Bunnell to be. Was well pleased with my tract of land, and expect to locate on it in the near future.

Yours very truly,

CLYDE LODING.

Bunnell, Florida, Dec. 10, 1912.

Dear Sir:

I arrived at Bunnell, Florida, Friday, November 29, 1912, in company with Mr. D. H. Joyce of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. We found Bunnell as it had been represented to us—a hustling little town, in the heart of a fertile tract of country.

Both Mr. Joyce and myself are favorably impressed with what we have seen of the Bunnell Colony. Our expectations were more than realized after our first visit to our tract, which is three and one-half miles south of Bunnell on the Moody Road.

We have met Mr. Moody, Mr. Turner and Mr. Johnston of the official staff. They are good fellows, and treat you right. We also find Mr. Verdenius, the Company's Representative, with offices at 108 South La Salle Street, Chicago, a gentleman who believes in fair play. He gives you facts only as they exist.

Transportation facilities are excellent. The Florida East Coast Line is a real railroad.

A word of advice may not go amiss. Come to Florida, but don't come expecting to step from the train onto Easy Street. There is work here to be done, and a home with an independent living for the man who is willing to do it.

Yours very truly,

C. D. PARMATER.

Toledo, Ohio, Dec. 16, 1912.

Bunnell Development Company.

Bunnell, Florida.

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed find check to pay in full for that 20 acres that we looked over while I was at Bunnell. I had a nice trip back to Toledo, but I wish I was in Bunnell again. Give my regards to Mr. and Mrs. Hardesty. I certainly enjoyed Mrs. Hardesty's meals.

Gentlemen, I wish you would have this letter published in your paper, so northern people can read my opinion of the country around the town of Bunnell.

Now all this talk of Florida being nothing but swamps, land under water, poisonous snakes, mosquitoes and malaria fever is foolishness. I can truthfully say I did not see any swamps, snakes, mosquitoes, or heard of any one having malaria fever. The ground is high and dry.

Mr. C. F. Turner and Mr. E. W. Johnston of the Bunnell Development Company took me out in the company's touring car, through different parts of the land they have for sale. Mr. James O'Neal and Mr. Henry E. Brown, both of Princeton, Indiana, accompanied us in the automobile. I saw the farms these men have bought of the Bunnell Development Company, and they were well pleased with same. The 20-acre farm I had picked out for me, is very nicely located, near the railroad, and only one and a half miles from the town of Dupont.

The climate in Florida is very nice, and the scenery is just grand. Bunnell is a nice little town with electric lights, cement sidewalks, four general stores, barber shop,

drug store, shoe shop, church, school house, bank and postoffice. I have traveled around this country a great deal, but I like the country around Bunnell the best of any I have seen.

Now if any one wishes to buy a farm of the Bunnell Development Company, he can safely do so. It is not necessary for you to go there first, if you haven't the money to spare to make the trip there and back. You can write to the Bunnell Company and send your first payment. They will reserve you a farm. I have not heard any one say they were dissatisfied. Everyone there seems to be getting along all right and enjoying themselves.

I have inspected that part of the state pretty well. I was in Bunnell eight days and took a good look over the country, and found it very nice, indeed. There are some pretty homes in Bunnell.

On Sunday, December 8th, Mr. Turner took me for a ride in the automobile. Well, talk about your joy rides up north, they are not in it with that automobile ride I had down in Bunnell. The scenery along the roads is something magnificent and wonderful. We passed through several large orange and grapefruit groves. We stopped at the residence of one gentleman, who very obligingly took us through his large groves. The trees are all loaded with oranges and grapefruit. This gentleman gave us all of the fruit we wished to take away with us. He certainly has a lovely place.

We next went to the East Coast Canal, and there we met Mr. Allen Miller, who had a row boat half full of fresh oysters. Mr. Miller built a big bonfire, roasted some of the oysters in their shells and fried some of them for us. We certainly enjoyed them very much.

Three or four years ago some people up north said I was foolish for thinking of buying land in Florida. Those people think differently now. Three of them now live in the country near Bunnell, Florida. I visited them, and they are pleased with their farms and the climate there, just as I was pleased. I feel that I stayed long enough to become quite fully informed about the country, crops, climate, etc.

My advice to every one is to secure a home at Bunnell. You will never regret it if you do.

I shall go back to Bunnell next September to improve my farm.

Yours very truly,

THOMAS A. STONE.

Dear Sir:

I received your paper that is called the Home Builder, and think it fine, but it is too small. I hope to see it grow to full size in a short time.

I like to read the news around Bunnell. I was there last September and found Florida O. K. Good soil and everything just as it was represented. Four of us went from here, and all were satisfied. When I came back I bought ten acres, and will go down there next fall to improve my land and stay there. Florida for me.

J. J. SUTHERLAND,
Princeton, Ind.



Driveway bordered by date palms on one of the beautiful estates near Bunnell. This picture was taken December 8, 1912.

West Union, W. Va., Dec. 8, 1912.

Dear Sir:

I received your paper last night. Was certainly glad to note the many good things that are being done in the colony, for we are interested in St. Johns County, and more than anxious to see it and to help make the improvements you speak of. I think the paper will do lots of good.

It will soon be a year since we bought land in your colony. We are working here for low wages to get our farm paid for. But don't think for a moment that we are not coming. All our plans and efforts are to get ready to move to Florida.

I do not see why so many people will not accept your offer. They have nothing to stay here for, nor never will have, only a scant living; but by proper economy and industry they could get to Florida, and soon have homes of their own. Here we have six months of cold weather, but one crop a year, and sometimes not even that. We have to feed our stock for six months, and that takes all we make during the other six months.

Now these are good honest people here, and I would like to see them better situated. They would make good citizens in our colony.

Don't fail to send me your next issue.
H. W. THOMAS.

WHAT WE WANT IN OUR COLONY.

(1) A BLACKSMITH SHOP.

There is a splendid opening for the right man, who will establish a first-class blacksmith shop at Bunnell.

(2) A BUILDING MATERIAL SUPPLY HOUSE.

We want some one to open up a building material supply house at Bunnell. There is a great opportunity in this line. People are coming in fast, and they want material at once for their homes.

Those interested can secure full information by writing to

THOMAS A. VERDENIUS,
1108 Woman's Temple, Chicago, Ill.

Question Box

To the Editor of the Home Builder:

I have read the first issue with much pleasure, and shall look forward every month to receiving the magazine. I expect to go to Bunnell some time in February, won't you please tell me the best and cheapest route to take from here?—T. W. J., Ohio.

Your nearest ticket agent can give you full details as to the best route to Bunnell. There are homeseekers' excursions from the North to Florida the first and third Tuesdays of each month, good for 25 days. You can buy your ticket direct to Bunnell, which you no doubt know, is just 87 miles south of Jacksonville, on the Florida East Coast railroad.

S. Howard, Editor Home Builder, Chicago:

I had planned to go to my farm at Bunnell some time this fall, but now I cannot dispose of my farm here until spring. Would it be all right for me to bring my family to Florida in the beginning of summer, or should we wait until a year from this fall? We are so anxious to get there and to improving our land.—H. S., Minnesota.

I am very sorry that circumstances have prevented you moving to your Florida farm this fall, but I would say that you need not hesitate to go there at any time. People like going in the fall because the winter crops are the big money-makers and they can be all settled before another summer comes. I moved to Florida in the middle of summer, and suffered no serious effects whatever. If you go to Bunnell next spring, you can have your house built and your ground in readiness for a big crop next winter.

To the Editor of the Home Builder:

I have land at Bunnell, but expect to hire much of the work done on same, and would like to engage in some paying business in the town, if in my line. Will you kindly tell me what openings there are for business in the Bunnell-Dupont Colony?—G. M. F., Illinois.

I am informed that they very much need at Bunnell some one to open up a blacksmith shop, also a building supply house. If you will write to Mr. T. A. Verdenius, 108 So. La Salle street, Chicago, he will give you further information.

Dear Sir: My brother and I are going to see the land around Bunnell some time this winter. We want to stay two or three days there. Will you tell us just what we must do when we get there, and if we can see the farms without any trouble?—C. W. B., New Jersey.

When you arrive in Bunnell you can go to the Bunnell Hotel which is just a few doors north of the depot. The Bunnell Development Company has an office across the street from the depot, above the bank. The Field Manager of the Company, Mr. C. F. Turner, usually meets the trains, and will give you every attention. If he should be out showing land, you can ask for him, and see him just as soon as he gets back to town. You will be taken in the Company's automobile over the colony. If you already have a farm there, they will show you your land and other tracts as well. If you wish to purchase a farm, Mr. Turner will help you to make a good selection.

Editor's Note—All questions to be answered should be sent in just as early as possible, so that they may receive attention in the following issue.

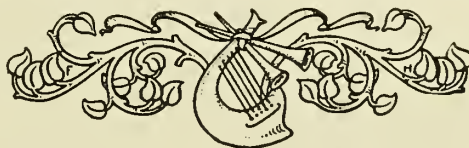
PROFITABLE POTATOES.

Crop Netted \$400.00 An Acre On Elkton Farm.

Elkton, Fla., Nov. 22.—Otto Mueller has just finished digging his fall crop of sweet potatoes and it certainly was a bumper crop. The net profits per acre were about \$400.00, and the land is in good shape for the spring crop of potatoes. The expense of the sweet potato crop is practically nothing, and Elkton soil is particularly adapted to them, and, with a good market, this ought to prove a coming crop.

THRIVING GARDEN—

Eugene Masters has a truck garden at the rear of his home on King street that is a wonder for growth and a model in its line. The seeds were planted early in October and the vegetables have grown vigorously, some varieties maturing in record time. Mr. Masters gave the ground thorough preparation before planting and used fertilizer liberally. He has bestowed considerable care on the garden and his efforts have been well repaid. The quarter of an acre will yield at least \$150 worth of vegetables.—St. Augustine Record.



The year is closed, the record made,
The last deed done, the last word said;
The memory alone remains
Of all its joys, its grief, its gains;
Memory, and the character wrought
Out of experiences the year has brought;
In all, the hand of God we see
Guiding in love, unerringly—
And so with faith grown strong and clear
We turn to greet "the glad New year."

Mayor Heath, of Bunnell, writes the following letter to all Bunnell-Dupont Colony land owners:

S. Howard, Editor the Bunnell Home Builder,
Chicago, Ill.

Bunnell, Florida, December 11, 1912.

Kind Sir:—I wish to extend to you my sincere thanks for one of the first copies of the Home Builder, received through the mail a few days ago. I can assure you that it was greatly appreciated, and read with much pleasure, indeed; and I consider it the "livest wire" that comes to my desk. I note it will be sent free to the address of all the land owners of this colony.

During the last few months I have received a great many letters of inquiry about Bunnell from my brother colonists, a majority of which I have tried to answer to the best of my ability. Some very likely have been neglected or overlooked. All I can say to these latter is, that I regret this very much, indeed, and if you will permit me, I would like very much to have the pleasure and honor of saying a few words to all of them, through the columns of your valuable paper.

Fellow Colonists:

I have been here three years December 15th, virtually from the beginning. I was here and helped move the old wooden store, called the "Commisary" from where the Bank Building now stands. There was nothing here then but an old dilapidated sawmill and a turpentine still. There was but one public road in this end of the county. The Old Kings Road, which is said to be the oldest in the United States, was here, and has been for four hundred years.

There was no necessity for public roads. There was nobody here except a few turpentine and sawmill men.

They had little trails through the piney woods that they used.

Not many years ago this was the romping ground of the wild Seminole Indians. How does it look today? Somewhat different I assure you. I am penning this letter on the second floor of a Bank Building, which is cut up into stores and offices, consisting of an "up-to-date" bank, six stores, telephone exchange, Masonic lodge hall, and various offices. All of these are permanently occupied and modernly equipped.

We have a good hotel, two boarding houses, and quite a number of nice residences and lovely homes. Then we have cement sidewalks, shelled streets, four public county roads leading out from Bunnell, some of them partly shelled. I can sit here at my desk and talk to anyone in adjacent towns and cities, in or out of the state. Local telephone wires thread this end of the county in every direction. Spires of churches and school houses pierce the ether-eal blue, both in the town and adjacent country. We have a nice railroad station, express office, and the town is illuminated by electricity.

Our soil is very fertile and responds most readily to a little work. The farmers of this colony have produced some record breaking crops this year, and at this date (December) the farmers have grow-

ing, and some are shipping cabbage, cucumbers, onions, beans, sweet and Irish potatoes, lettuce, mustard, radishes, turnips, pineapples, bananas and strawberries.

To those of you who are now living in the north and west, who already own farms here, but are spending six months of every year indoors, I would say this: Hesitate, Meditate, Investigate, then Migrate to Bunnell. I have tried to show you what it looked like three years ago. I have also attempted in my feeble way to tell you what it is now. No matter how futile my efforts have been in this respect, you will be obliged to admit that this is indeed a great change in so short a time.

What caused this? Who brought it about? Why you and I have done it. This God-favored spot was once owned by a corporation, who saw fit to put it on the market for sale, but they will have soon closed the last contract. We have bought them out, and now it is "up to us." They have been very kind and lenient indeed with us, and have spent quite a lot of money in improvements for our benefit (which was not all compulsory), and for which we shall always call them blessed. But suppose that those of us who are here on the ground had not come, and others who have purchased had not bought, what would the condition have been today? Why just the same as it was three years ago. Therefore it is our colony, not theirs, of which we should be justly proud, and should sustain the reputation she already has for progressiveness and good citizenship. Nature has done her part well, and if we will perform ours, you will see a veritable Garden of Eden. Those of us who have already adopted this as our home, and those who may come later, should strive to make it as pleasant as possible.

Here in the "Panhandle" of St. Johns County, fifty miles south of St. Augustine, the county seat, you will find an ideal place. Her fertile soil, her salubrious climate, her long leaf palms, palmettoes and wire grass, her placid lakes, beautiful riv-

ers, rippling rivulets and babbling brooks, her moss covered hummocks and lovely flowers, her perpetual sunshine and life giving waters, combined with the loveliness of her women, have already made her one of the most envied flowers in the bouquet of civilization of this great State.

She has a National reputation as well, not alone in this country, but she is known abroad. We have purchasers from England, some from Ireland, and quite a number from the Dominion of Canada. Letters of inquiry have been received from Shanghai, China, wanting to know something about Bunnell.

Where will you find another community that has accomplished so much in three years? Not even in the much talked of and extensively advertised Everglades, where the government has appropriated thousands and thousands of dollars to make habitation possible, and yet today it stands an unsolved problem. Now if the few paltry dollars that you and I have paid in at Bunnell have brought about such results, what wonderful things could not have been accomplished if we had received the same appropriations from the government?

Verily, verily, I say unto you, the Panhandle of St. Johns County would have ere this blossomed like the rose, and would have spread herself like a green bay tree. Indeed it would long before now have possessed a perfect network of inland waterways, interurban railways and trolley lines, and by this time the old red hill of Tallahassee would have been robbed of the State house and other government buildings, and our state capitol would now be more centrally located—at BUNNELL.

Wishing you all a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year, and hoping to see you all citizens of Bunnell in the near future, I am

Very respectfully, your fellow colonist.

W. C. HEATH,

Of and for Bunnell, Florida.

FREE

The Bunnell Home Builder is sent free each month to all Bunnell-

Dupont Colony land owners. If you do not own a farm at Bunnell, but are interested in this colony and would like to receive a copy of this magazine each month, kindly fill out the following blank and return to the Editor, and you will be placed on our complimentary mailing list.

S. HOWARD, Editor BUNNELL HOME BUILDER,
1103 Woman's Temple, Chicago, Ill.

I am interested in the Bunnell-Dupont Colony, and would like to be placed on your free mailing list for six months.

Name _____

Street and Number _____

City _____

State _____